

Glimpse Through the Fog
May 12, 2021

On the bay, it chokes;
canyon crawling, it intrigues,
envelopes and tricks;
it conceals, then, reveals,
then, conceals, again.

For an instant
(and only an instant), I see;
I see a wink of sky,
a dash of clarity.

I see what I think might be
as I am inside the cloud now.
I do hear the sea, so I know it is there.
It's my sea with the waves crashing around me.